

Gods to the Godless

Primordial

I have one Desire
Let it be
A Pestilence upon your lands
A Plague upon all your houses
It is my wish
To Enslave all your people
The soil enriched with their Blood
To Burn your places of Worship
Our Gods shall become your Gods

All that lives on the vine is rotten
May your wines be foul
And your bread as the flesh of the dead
An ill wind to bring nought but decay
And the stench of your Slaughtered kin

The newborn, borne with fear in their eyes
And slavery in their limbs
As tools to build a new Empire
We are your cross to bear
Perhaps you shall be a martyred people
But as sure as the Night follows the Day
A Dead People

"The desire to sweep away what is sacred and profane.
To enforce and embrace Tragedy to imbed it deep
Within the subconscious of generations"